THE New Republic

TWO REPORTS ON THE MIND OF THE SOUTH

PAGES 12-16

Poor Richard

"It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright" POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

by Irving Howe

Why Adlai Stevenson? . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

Mendes-France Dissents . . . . . *Percy Winner*

Self-Knowledge and Freud . . . . . *Geoffrey Gorer*

MAY 7, 1956

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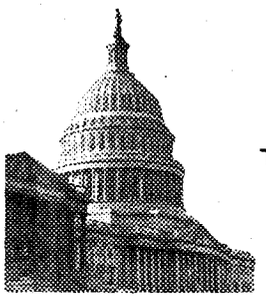

Washington Wire

Nixon climbs aboard

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER unites the American nation—Vice President Nixon divides it. Eisenhower has had a heart attack, is 66, and would be 71 at the end of a second term—actuarial chances speak for themselves. Nixon is young (43), so opportunistic that nobody really knows where he stands and on the platform shows a passionate partisan drive with the killer instinct. A frightening fellow whom it is a pleasure to dislike. . . .

We believe the inner Eisenhower group tried to ditch Nixon and was outsmarted. Brownell, Sherman Adams, the Citizens-for-Eisenhower and the Dewey groups devised a slick piece of strategy to delay the Nixon decision. This would have left the Democrats with nobody to attack until the convention and would have kept the matter open while Nixon's popularity was gauged.

But young Mr. Nixon is not dropped easily. Every public utterance Eisenhower has ever made shows confidence and affection for "my boy." Ike may have disliked the maneuver to which he originally lent himself or was talked into, that of letting Nixon "make his own choice." Everybody knew what Nixon's choice was; there was never a minute's doubt of it. The device was a diplomatic brush-off that left Nixon suspended on a gibbet. So Nixon bided his time and then came to the White House publicly and formally and said, "I have made my decision, sir, I want to run with you." What could Ike say then but "delighted"?

About the one unifying issue the Democrats have today is common dislike for Nixon. This does not speak very highly for Democrats, but it makes a strong bond—just say "President Nixon" over to yourself a couple of times and you will know what we mean.

Murray Chotiner, Nixon's 1952 campaign manager, explains to a Senate inquiry this week what the "professional services" were for which he received $5,000 in an army clothing scandal. We fear Nixon runs some risk of being unfairly tarred with guilt by association in this episode. Such an event would be ironical in view of Nixon's own chronic use of the device in the past. Chotiner is still influential in GOP circles and participated in a recent Republican school for campaign workers here.

Paying for politics

REPUBLICANS have most of the press on their side and $5 million in their treasury; Democrats are pretty well orphaned so far as press support goes and at present have only $100,000 in cash. One guess now is that the entire 1956 election will run up a bill—federal, state, local—of $200 million. Sen. Richard Neuberger (D, Ore.) would let the government subsidize political radio-TV time up to a limit of $1 million for either party. It seems like an excellent idea. The one-sided press and corporate political contributions in America have always irritated us. But we suspect that by their very bias they may help the Democrats indirectly. It shows that there really is a difference between the two parties—something which in moments of gloom we have doubted. We have never run across anybody who could define this party difference satisfactorily for us; maybe the best explanation is just to say—The Republicans are the party which gets the big corporate campaign funds.

Walter Reuther proposes a $5 contribution limit, deductible from income tax. Theoretically there is a $5,000 limit now, but it means little because the same man can give the maximum amount to any number of affiliated party groups, and so can each member of his family. Reuther paints the hypothetical scene as the duPont clan gathers quadrennially in Wilmington to split up its GOP contributions, $5,000 per member. "And how about you?" they ask little five-year-old Pierre. "Grandfather, I shall carry on the tradition of the duPonts!" says the brave little fellow. He runs out for his piggy-bank, breaks it open and a crisp $5,000 bill flutters out. Misty-eyed at the child's sacrifice, Grandfather says, "And now that's all we can give to that one committee, but we have anothe committee here." Once more the famil goes through the rite until at last it i little Pierre's turn again. "My boy?' says Grandfather tenderly. The brigh child is equal to the challenge. He goe and gets another piggy-bank, returnin each time with a new bill—new bil because it is the finest tradition of con servative American thrift not to pu more than one $5,000 bill in one piggy bank.

Will the Negro bolt?

THERE is a lot of talk about a Souther "bolt" in the Democratic Party. Th information we get here, however, i that many Northern leaders are mor worried about a bolt of Negro votes i their cities than they are about what th South does. A Southern bolt could, it i true, cost the party the Presidenc (though it didn't in 1948), but loss o the Negroes would mean an overtur right at home in scores of precincts an boroughs and cities, maybe even state Make no doubt about it, Northern pro fessionals are alarmed by what is alread happening. They are not in any com promising mood—this is not a matter o saving the party but saving their ow skins. "Why did Senate Democrats eve permit racist Eastland to be made chair man of the Judiciary Committee?" the wail. Republicans are using Eastland' name and his tirades in Northern Negr areas already and will re-double thei efforts.

From what we have been hearin Southern leaders are less likely to bol than in years past; they are aware that i they make the threat a Northern grou will respond, "Well, why don't yo get going?"

Notes:

GOP ISOLATIONISM lies close to the sur face; last week 35 Republican Senator voted against Ike to approve a restrictiv Bricker rider against the Internationa Labor Organization—an agency of th UN. . . . Subversive matters to investi gate are so few that Congressional com mittees are now desperately re-runnin old shows (not unlike Hollywood) sentenced spies Greenglass and Gold ar brought back from prison to tell thei stories all over again, a process capabl of indefinite repetition.

T.R.B

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

MAY 7, 1956

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Banning Bomb Tests

PROPOSALS to ban superbomb tests have a number of strong reasons for and against them and deserve much fuller examination than the abrupt "no" which President Eisenhower recently gave in his press conference. Only part of the arguments have thus far been stated.

There are two proposals: one to ban all thermonuclear weapons tests, the other to stop testing only "mass destruction weapons," for example those above a megaton or one million tons of TNT equivalent. (The term "H-bomb" should not be used in these proposals because the megaton blasts produced by both the US and USSR derived their main force from materials other than hydrogen.) Off-the-record, high American officials offer these reasons why a total ban on tests would be against American interests:

First, the Russians are now ahead of us in testing a thorium bomb, and in dropping a thermonuclear weapon from a plane. A ban would freeze these Russian advantages.

Second, our thermonuclear scientists would quit the military laboratories if they could not test their results, while Russian scientists would be forced to stay on the job.

Third, the Russians would probably violate the ban after a year or two and leave us that far behind in the arms race.

These arguments apparently satisfied most members of Congress, both Republican and Democrats, but some leading American scientists with

ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue Michael Straight retires as Editor of *The New Republic*. As Editor-at-Large, he will continue to contribute articles and editorials. Gilbert A. Harrison, the present Publisher, becomes Editor and Publisher. *The New Republic's* independent liberal editorial policy will be maintained.

Selig S. Harrison, Associated Press correspondent in India for three years, former Nieman Fellow and editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, joins our staff as Associate Editor; and Donald F. Malcolm, ex-editor of the University of Michigan humor magazine and a writer on *Publishers' Weekly*, becomes associated with the *NR* as a staff writer.

Correspondence

► *Alger Hiss' Speaking Engagements*

SIRS:

We enjoyed reading your column on Alger Hiss (*NR*, April 30). No one really knows who issued the Students for Democratic Action statement — it wasn't approved by the membership of the chapter. The undersigned were members of SDA, Vice Chairman and Treasurer of the Swarthmore chapter, and we resigned precisely because we felt it *was* a civil liberties issue.

While various public statements were made by Americans for Democratic Action to justify their decision, it was well known that the real reason for the decision was what one ADA board member called "political wisdom." ADA can't chance any association with Hiss in an election year. While ADA has no constitutional power to force its decisions

(Continued on page 23)

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whom we talked are challenging the government views privately with these observations:

The Russians air-dropped their megaton bomb because they dared not contaminate their proving ground; thereby they sacrificed scientific measurement. The notion that American scientists are so fickle as to quit their government posts is unworthy. Moreover, the Russians could violate an international ban only by sacrificing the recent gains they have made through their peace drive.

These same scientists point out that a nuclear arms race contains terrifying gambles, that a ban on tests poses no greater risks, and has the positive advantage of making almost impossible the development of the bomb in "fourth countries"—outside the US, USSR and Britain.

What can be said for a test ban on "mass destruction weapons" while continuing to test "small bombs"? The President himself said this year's bomb tests were "to find out ways and means in which you can limit it, make it useful in defensive purposes, in shooting against a fleet of airplanes." High government officials add that a ban only on big bombs would not work because our intelligence devices cannot determine accurately how big a bomb is. Scientists do not accept this argument, but they point out that our peril is infinitely increased by making it easy to produce small bombs, just like bathtub gin, which could be smuggled in a violin case. It is all or nothing, a total ban or no ban, these scientists conclude.

As lay editors, we are not yet prepared to accept the President's categorical "no" to the ban. From information at hand we are inclined to believe the intelligent course might be to choose a total ban. If we are wrong, let the President further enlighten us.

Misunderstood Decision

THE INTRICACIES of Supreme Court procedure threw the entire press of the nation, as well as, apparently, a fairly high proportion of the bar, for a total loss in connection with the Court's disposition of the South Carolina bus-segregation case. The Court's ruling was widely heralded as a decision that state laws requiring segregation by race on intrastate public transportation systems were unconstitutional. Indeed, the *New York Times* in a front-page article April 24th went so far as to say the effects of the ruling might be more far reaching than those of the decisions on public-school segregation.

This article, and others like it, could not have been more wrong. The Court made no pronouncement whatsoever upon the question of the constitutionality of these segregation laws. It merely dismissed the South Carolina case as improperly before it at this particular time. The rules governing the Court's jurisdiction provide that it can hear this kind of appeal only if the judgment below was "final." In this case, there was no finality because the Court of Appeals had sent the case back to the District Court for further proceedings. After those proceedings are completed, a new appeal may be taken; if the Court of Appeals then disposes of the case so that no further action would be necessary, its decision would be "final."

The deficiencies in the appeal are highly technical enough so to elude some experienced lawyers at first glance. Yet this cannot excuse the complete failure of the national daily press to report the disposition accurately. The Court itself is not entirely without blame for the confusion. It could and should have made what it was doing absolutely clear by adding a line stating expressly that the dismissal was for want of jurisdiction.

Life's Parched Throat

THE OTHER day we were reading an editorial in the current issue of *Life* and puzzling over the argument that Eisenhower's veto of the farm bill merely went to prove that the President enjoyed "not only a high moral courage but a mastery of higher politics," when we came upon a sentence that seemed strangely out of keeping with the general tone of the piece.

It said: "There is a growing thirst for integrity in government and the President is providing it."

Well *that,* of course, is more or less what this Journal has been saying all along, but we could never bring ourselves to phrase it quite so harshly.

Agreement on Atoms

AFTER RESOLVING some major differences between our government and the Soviet Union, a United Nations committee has unanimously agreed on a charter for a new International Atomic Agency which, it is hoped, will be approved next September at an 84-nation conference.

There were three major compromises in the charter. The draft requires the agency to report to the General Assembly as the US urged, rather than to

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veto-hobbled Security Council as the Russians asked. The charter also provides for a 23-nation Board of Governors in which the US would have only one vote, instead of a weighted voting system as the donor countries first proposed; but as a concession the Board gives permanent places to the five nations most technically advanced in atomic matters (at present the US, USSR, Britain, France and Canada), and special representation for the largest producers of atomic source material. In these and other ways it gives the balance of power to the nations who wish a responsible control over atomic fuel. Finally, the charter authorizes a UN inspection corps which would police the atomic materials made available by this agency against possible military diversion, and provides for UN seizure of atomic materials from violating nations.

It is this last provision which has given rise to the hope that this agency might serve as a backdoor approach to atomic inspection. While the US and the Soviet Union are still at loggerheads over a system of atomic inspection applied to big powers possessing bombs, they are in complete agreement on rigid policing of atomic fuel distributed for peaceful uses, in order to prevent Bongaland or some other hypothetical nation from clandestine manufacture. This policing must apply to materials distributed both by the UN and by individual nations. For example, someone must police the atomic reactor which the Soviet Union has offered to Egypt, and the reactors which the US has offered to the Philippines and Ceylon.

The charter of the new UN agency makes it permissive for this agency to accept that policing responsibility for any fuels transferred by nations such as the US and the USSR.

THIS OPENS up an extraordinary opportunity. The US could over the next five years transfer demonstration amounts of atomic fuel to a large number of nations—50, 60 or even 70—requiring in each instance that they accept the UN inspection system. Atomic fuel has become such a desired commodity that it is perhaps the only inducement that would persuade highly nationalistic peoples to accept alien inspectors.

Suppose, then, that such an inspection system achieves wide acceptance while only a handful of countries possess bombs. The pattern becomes a precedent if bombs should later be more generally available. UN Police are already on the job.

Moreover, it would be extremely difficult for the Russians to insist upon Russian inspectors for their transfers of atomic fuel if countries had a choice of obtaining fuel elsewhere under UN inspection.

There is only one hitch. Neither our Atomic Energy Commission nor the Pentagon have yet agreed that it is a good idea to have the UN inspect US materials under our atoms-for-peace program. The policy issue is not yet settled. But US officials working on disarmament are pressing for a decision favorable to the UN.

The Tie That Binds

ALTHOUGH this Journal generally takes a dim view of businessmen in government and other places where they have no business to be, it has no objection to them in their natural habitat. Still, it came as something of a surprise to receive, recently, a long communication from A. Harvey Schreter of Smoothie Ties in Baltimore, requesting *The New Republic's* help in publicizing his merchandise. It seemed a little out of our line.

Mr. Schreter's letter proved him to be a businessman in the classic mold, with great faith in his product and gratuitous quotation marks in his prose: "We want to confer upon the 'Man In Your Life', certainly a VIP, the additional title of VI'T'P." (In an asterisked aside, Mr. Schreter explained that a VI'T'P was a "Very Important 'Tie' Person.") Indispensable to this distinction, he went on, was his product, a necktie which buttons to the wearer's shirt. Mr. Schreter modestly pointed out the historical significance of this notion: after untold rumpled millennia, man had at last discovered a contrivance which "eliminates the age-old annoyance of flapping, flying ties." Small wonder the Smithsonian Institute has accepted it for the Department of History! or that the Army, Navy, Air Force and many airlines have adopted it! or that the Duke of Windsor instructed his secretary to write: "His Royal Highness very much appreciated your nice thought of him, and was most interested by the new BUTTON DOWN. He wishes you and your firm all success for this patern" (*sic*)!

Mr. Schreter also enclosed for our inspection, a note from Mary Jane McCaffree, secretary to Mrs. Eisenhower, which said that both the First Lady and the President "were touched to receive such a remembrance from you. What wonderful 'good luck' omens they will be for the President when he is playing golf!"

But even more impressive than the fact that the Button-Down will be serving the national interest by hexing the President's slice, was the news that the ties were worn by the 61 Philco Sales Ambassadors of Goodwill on their round-the-world trip last February. "Through the efforts of Mr. Bert Bacharach," each man wore "a 'Smoothie Button-Down Tie', a McGregor Dacron sports coat, an Arrow 'wash and wear' shirt, a 'Flip-It' Reeves Byrdcloth sport hat, and a Robert Bruce Orlon sweater."

Which must have knocked them dead in India.

The second article by Walter Goodman on racketeers in the union welfare funds, announced for this week, will appear in our next issue.

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The Superficial Aspect

Why Stevenson?

MARQUIS CHILDS, speaking at the University of Washington recently on the occasion of the dedication of a new building for the School of Communications, expressed the opinion that the malaises of our time are very largely due to a failure to communicate. The argument is plausible enough. If, for example, we could communicate to the Russians a sense of the strong distaste of the typical American for any scheme to conquer and subjugate Russia, international tensions would certainly relax appreciably.

But to communicate effectively it is not enough merely to state. You must also prove; and proving a negative is one of the most difficult exercises in logic.

If Mr. Childs were looking for a loud Amen to his proposition in the domestic field, he should be able to get one from the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson has been obviously failing to communicate, and for much the same reason; he is trying to prove a negative. His objection to the present regime is not so much that the Administration has done, as the Prayer Book has it, those things that it ought not to have done, as that it has left undone those things that it ought to have done.

Mr. Eisenhower's stock answer to all inquiries is that the policy of the United States has not changed. Mr. Eisenhower seems not only convinced that steadfastness is a virtue, but that it is the chief of virtues, if not the summation of all virtue. But when the situation changes steadfastness in a policy adapted to a previous situation is not a virtue at all, it is a serious vice.

It is hard to see how any rational man can doubt that the repudiation of Stalin is evidence of a material change in the Russian situation. Of course it is no proof that Russian imperialism is on the decline, but it is proof that imperialism is shifting its ground; and when your opponent shifts his ground, you must shift with him, or he will presently be at your back. Mr. Dulles has never been conspicuous for the nimbleness of his footwork and that lack of agility may be very serious indeed in the near future. But how are you going to prove it?

Policy is not the fixed purpose of a nation. It is merely the means of implementing that purpose. Russian policy is obviously changing for reasons not yet clearly apparent, although they are probably connected with the fact that the monolithic structure of the Russian system has cracked. Under such circumstances an announcement that American policy has not changed in the least is anything but reassuring. If Russian policy changes, ours should not remain immovable.

Of this Mr. Stevenson is well aware. It is his intellectual strength, as it is his political weakness, that he is more interested in seeking out the causes of things than in turning their present effects to profitable account. But he is having a hard time communicating this view to the electorate.

Under ordinary circumstances one might say with some assurance that this means the end of Stevenson. But the circumstances are not ordinary; on the contrary, they are so chaotic that the bookies are being driven mad. They are such that the ironic outcome may be the nomination of the right man for all the wrong reasons. Many of the shrewdest leaders of the Democratic Party are pretty well convinced that while the nomination of Stevenson would be a long shot and a bad chance, the nomination of anybody else would be straight suicide.

After all, Stevenson needs no build-up. He is already known to every voter in the country. In addition to that, he has a large and devoted following, and the only enemies he has are people who couldn't be relied on to vote the Democratic ticket if the Angel Gabriel were the nominee. With Stevenson in the race the party may be defeated, but it will at least escape the terrible fate of boring the country to extinction.

In short, although Stevenson as a candidate might lose the election of 1956, he would not lose that of 1960 at the same time; while the nomination of Kefauver or Harriman might fragment the party to such an extent that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty together again for at least 10 years.

These considerations have nothing to do with the man's qualifications for the office, therefore they are the wrong reasons for nominating him. But they are strong reasons. Perhaps Adlai Stevenson would look somewhat ruefully on a nomination so procured, but there is certainly nothing dishonorable about it.

FINALLY, Stevenson, if nominated, might be elected, and the leaders may contemplate that possibility with complete serenity. Some of them would be genuinely horrified if any other candidate were not only nominated, but also elected. Really good politicians always bear in mind the possibility of victory and do not wish to find themselves in such a position that it is to be dreaded. With Adlai as President the party would survive. Can as much be said of any other contender?

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Poor Richard Nixon

by IRVING HOWE

TWO SPECIMENS of light reading have just been offered for the entertainment of the American electorate. One is, to waste no words, *Nixon*, by Ralph de Toledano. *This Is Nixon* by James Keogh is the other. Both authors presumably share Mr. Eisenhower's delight that Richard Nixon will stick with the team in '56. Duty compels him to run again. To characterize these two biographies of our Vice President, one must say more than that they are bad. One must fall back upon a word that has—it is a pity—become unfashionable in modern writing: I mean the word, *sincere*.

Without reflecting upon the authors' motives, which do not concern me, I would say that the special badness of these books consists in their lack of sincerity: they do not try to conduct a reasonable discourse; they are calculated exercises in arm-twisting and brain-squeezing. Nor is this necessarily due to their conservative bias. Similar studies could, and no doubt will, be written about Stevenson or Khrushchev or Nehru. For what we have here are not *books* worthy of review, but products of "mass culture," that vast industry of prefabricated amusement- & -propaganda which increasingly sets the tone of American life; and it is as items of commerce rather than as intellectual communication that such writings need to be considered. This is a *processed* badness, the sort an inexperienced writer could never manage by himself, since it requires professional training to write in such a glossy, packaged and soulless way. If IBM ever invents a writing machine, it will probably write like Mr. Keogh; if the machine can then be "infed" with the bile of an ex-radical, it will write like Mr. Toledano.

The Vice President, claim both authors, has been misunderstood: far from being an opportunist he is a principled conservative; far from being a ruthless political operator he is a kindly sensitive conscience-burdened leader. This argument, if it is to have any impact at all, must be directed mainly to the eggheads, since it is they who have objected most to Nixon's intellectual and cultural style. (It is as if these writers, in some crevice of their hearts, still wanted the approval of the intellectuals.) Yet the tone of these books, particularly of Mr. Toledano's Cohn-&-Schine prose, suggests a curious kind of inefficiency, a self-defeating effort to persuade those who in the course of the argument are most to be scorned.

To soften the contours of Nixon's public image, both writers present a good many homely details and cogent sayings. "The Vice President," writes Mr. Keogh, "usually eats breakfast at a small table in the kitchen. . . . Standard menu: two kinds of fruit, toast and one cup of coffee (a little sugar, a little cream)." What, you may wonder, is the point of such trivia? Well, in the calculations of newsmagazine writing, these touches are supposed to make their subjects more "human" and colorful, though in actuality they merely provide stock formulas that prevent any credible human image from appearing.

Yet amidst this accumulation of miscellaneous junk one occasionally finds a jewel. Mr. Toledano quotes the Vice President as saying: "The only time to lose your temper in politics is when it's deliberate." What a priceless remark that is—and all the more so since Nixon does not even seem to suspect that, in the nature of things, you can lose your temper only when it's *not* deliberate. As the self-portrait of an utterly manipulative spirit, of an eager grasping will, the remark is beyond praise: Stendhal could do no better.

Reading through Nixon's speeches, it becomes clear that for him neither ideas nor words have a claim to autonomous dignity and significance: they are weapons with which to bloody opponents; tags and slogans to be *utilized* in political publicity. It is hard and perhaps impossible to say to what extent this is the result of planned demagogy and to what extent he is himself caught up in the fetishistic coils of the ad-man's rhetoric.

When Nixon declares himself opposed to the "welfare state" because it "absorbs the citizens" and in favor of the "general-welfare state" because it is the servant of the citizen—When he describes the policies of the Truman Administration as "socialist left-wing policies"—

When he declares himself in favor of federal slum clearance but against federal housing projects, presumably on the ground that for the government to knock

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IRVING HOWE, *an editor of* Dissent *and a frequent NR contributor, is completing a study of the political novel.*

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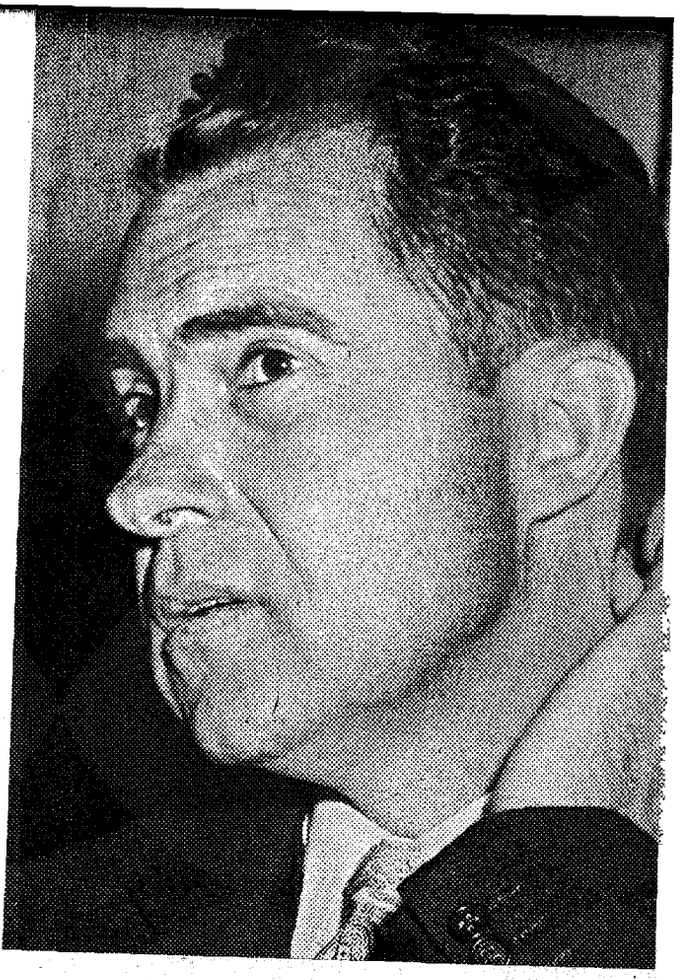
down bad houses is "dynamic conservatism" but to put up good ones is "socialism"—Is this trickery or muddle?

I doubt that anyone can tell. I doubt that even Mr. Toledano can tell.

What matters is that in public life men learn to play tricks with their muddles, and other men learn to praise them for it. So it is that Mr. Keogh can quote, without any evidence of moral disturbance, Nixon's old law partner who remembers that as a young lawyer the Vice President "had courtroom psychology. He could talk so that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, or he could take hold of a cantankerous witness and shake him like a dog." So it is that Mr. Keogh can cite as an example of Nixon's campaign oratory "Adlai the appeaser . . . who got a Ph.D. from Dean Acheson's 'College of Cowardly Communist Containment' " while continuing to describe the Vice President as a man of sensibility and conscience. So it is, too, that Mr. Toledano can say that Nixon was fighting those Americans who urged that "the United States should recognize Red China . . . should oust President Rhee, should kowtow to India at all costs." Who it was that urged this country to kowtow to India "at all costs" and what "all costs" means in this context, Mr. Toledano does not say. I don't think he can, either.



IN the nightmare-world of mass culture and advertising-agency politics, it becomes impossible to distinguish between the manipulators and the manipulated. Surely everyone has had the experience of overhearing a TV or radio listener say about some particularly slick piece of advertising, "Gee, that's good *psychology*," without even being aware that it is he himself upon whom the "psychology" is being worked. So it is with the speeches of the Vice President: the process of mass agitation and the process of self-deception tend to become inseparable.

Except, I would say, in one case. Mr. Toledano makes it perfectly clear that in his relations with McCarthy the Vice President knew exactly what he was doing. "Nixon," writes Mr. Toledano, "felt a certain responsibility for McCarthy or for any other individual who took up the fight against Communism." When "Nixon offered him the use of his files to help document his charges, McCarthy gratefully accepted his offer. . . . " The friendship warmed. Later, after he had brought McCarthy together with the top figures of the Administration but had failed to cement an alliance, he urged a policy of piecemeal cooperation with McCarthy: "support him when he was right . . . criticize him when he was wrong." Only after McCarthy forced a break did Nixon say (apparently in a statement to Mr. Toledano) that "McCarthy's intentions were right, but his tactics were, frankly, so inept at times that he probably did our cause more harm than good."

Even at the end, it should be stressed, Nixon never ventured a principled description, let alone a moral judgment, of McCarthyism. His only complaint, and how revealing it is of his small-minded shrewdness, was that Joe was "inept." And by comparison, Joe was.

One thing is clear about the Vice President: both those who admire him and those who dislike him agree that he represents something "new" in American life. I think so too, and in the paragraphs that remain I want to suggest what that may be.

At a time when political and social choices are severely limited by the pressures of the Cold War, the divergent tendencies within our society tend to come through in "disguise," less as political ideology than as intellectual and cultural style. Three interesting political figures in the country today—McCarthy, Nixon and Eisenhower—represent three kinds of political rhetoric reflecting various responses to the *cul de sac* of American politics: that is, to the problems of a society that is enormously powerful and startlingly powerless.

In McCarthy—I speak not of individuals but of the impulses they embody in public life—one can observe the straining toward violence and repression that is caused, in part, by our incapacity to deal with Communism on an international scale. Almost everyone shares this impulse. McCarthy brings into the open a frustration, a rage at the powerlessness of our power, that most Americans, tame and well-mannered in their prosperity, fear to express. With each new defeat on the international scene, the impulse to a total apocalyptic violence, as well as the yearning to "explain" every baffling fact of modern life by a theory of conspiracy, is likely to re-

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ppear. That is why McCarthy can never be counted out. The mass support won by Eisenhower and the remarkble hold he has upon the middle-class imagination seems me, in part, a tacit recognition of the power that lies otentially in the McCarthyite appeal. Not that those who turn to Ike really like Joe; not at all. But they are fraid that McCarthy may prove to be right, that there is o way out except through moral terrorism and jungle actics. So they turn to Eisenhower, a figure of benign assurance, whose very imperviousness to the shocks of odern life and essential ignorance of modern politics ey can share and identify with. In Eisenhower new ars are clothed in old images, and the more pressing e new fears become the more attractive the old images em. He symbolizes the yearning to escape from comlexity and all its fruits, a deep rejection of the whole lea of the need for ideas. While Rome burns he plays olf, and that, on one level of consciousness, is what all f us would like to do.

Nixon stands between these two figures, a well-oiled rawbridge between McCarthyite barbarism and Eisenower respectability. In his own way, he does understand he need for ideas, only he thinks of ideas as slogans for thorough sales campaign. He shares the McCarthyite mpulse toward repression, only he is shrewd enough to see that at the present moment no American politics can succeed unless it is respectable in manner and language. In a curious way he too is caught up in the current turn toward "moderation."

Nixon gains the support of, and in his political appeal embodies, what might be called repressed McCarthyism, the McCarthyism of members of the newly prosperous middle class which would like to strike out with Joe's wildness at all the threats to its security but suddenly remembers that having risen in the world it must now mind its manners. And here, I think, we get to the essential reason why so many eggheads, may the tribe increase, find Nixon so disturbing. It is not merely because he often seems to have been put together at a sales conference, but also and far more important, because he seems to represent a potential of American life far more threatening than McCarthy himself—a potential of a fairly prosperous, politically besieged, emotionally tight-lipped, rigidly conformist, suburban America in which all values are transvalued into saleability, all techniques have become devices for persuasion, and persuasion itself is indistinguishable from a hidden bludgeon. McCarthyism may represent a picture of a possible future, but Nixonism is, at the moment, the only plausible way of getting there.

Mendes-France Dissents

by PERCY WINNER

PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE has decided that the time has come once again to make a choice—hard, clear, irrevocable. He has set another deadline. He will resign from the French Government by the middle of May unless by that time Premier Guy Mollet has put into actual effect concrete measures of sweeping reform on behalf of the Moslem population of Algeria to accompany and also to justify the measures of military repression of the extreme Moslem nationalists. In the past PMF has kept his word. There is no reason to believe he will do otherwise this time.

The simplest way to suggest the popular mood of France today is to say that the French people feel they have much in common with the Israeli people. This feeling goes beyond the recognition that in Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, in his sponsorship of fiendish fanatical Moslem terrorism, they share an enemy and a threat, beyond the conviction that the Negev has become France's frontier as the Rhine once was Britain's. It comes from more than a desire to hang on somehow, some way to a presence in Algeria or even to prevent the possible loss, eventually, of all of French Africa.

The Egyptian Big Brother has done in France what Stalin failed to do—he has made the people aware that they themselves, their homes, their habits and ways, the moral and human values they pride themselves on representing in the world are directly threatened. He has done more than a long series of Atlanticist (including French) statesmen and spokesmen have done—he has frightened the French out of neutralism.

For the French people, the tragic Middle Eastern problem—from which the Algerian problem can no longer be divorced—does in fact begin at home. The fighting in Indo-China was done by professionals. This time it is the people's ordeal, not the soldiers' bloody chore. French women and children are being murdered in Algeria by raiders inspired and often armed by Egypt.

French conscripts are being kept in uniform. Others, only recently released, are being called back to the colors from their jobs and homes. Every day several thousand of these civilians in uniform are being shipped or flown across the Mediterranean. All are getting "special" training for the special kind of cruel and ugly war they will be called upon to wage. You can judge how well prepared these youths will be by the fact that the training lasts from a minimum of 10 days to a maximum of three weeks! Robert Lacoste, the Minister Resident in Algeria, expects to have 150,000 men by June 15.

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The recall of the young men who had finished their normal military service presents grave human and social problems. The economic effect of the mobilization is tremendous. First of all, it is unthinkable for the government to stick to the present system of payment of soldiers. In fact, the French conscript soldiers are not paid at all—in the American meaning of the word. They get free rations of tobacco, wine and postage stamps but only a trivial amount of pocket money. Too many of the recalled conscripts have families and obligations for this system to be continued without change. They will have to be paid, their wives and families will have to get larger allowances. Mobilization of industrial workers and foremen is bound to hurt production. Employers are supposed by law to keep open the jobs of the men serving in the armed forces; but whether the law will be respected is another matter. There are other problems—for example, thousands of young miners have gone back into uniform, and the Algerians who might under ordinary circumstances take their places, are not now interested.

Robert Lacoste

The cost of the Algerian operations must, says Premier Mollet, be met by increased taxes. These will fall most heavily—as always in France—on those least able to pay. So there is the psychological effect of calling upon the French people to pay for sending their sons, brothers, husbands to fight and perhaps die in a war which, while emotionally accepted as necessary, is not yet clear enough in its meaning, its methods, its goals for the French to underwrite fully.

Quite apart from Communist propaganda, the French man-in-the-street has long had enough access to information about North Africa to make him want to know just what saving Algeria means. Just what is to be saved? Just who? The Frenchman knows pretty well from whom; he wants to know for whom? Of course, this is different from Indo-China. There will be no mutinies of departing soldiers. This is not a *sale guerre*—a dirty war. Still, it is common knowledge that some—if not most—of the biggest *colons* are not quite clean. The old refrain that Algeria is France, that the city of Algiers is as French as Lyons or Brest is no longer heard; it is patently absurd. Tunisia and Morocco are free and independent (or almost) and the world in which the French man-in-the-street lives has not come to an end. Just what does the Mollet formula, the "indissoluble links" binding Algeria to France, mean? If there are only 15,000 terrorists, why are some 400,000 French soldiers, perhaps even 500,000 needed to "pacify" the country. Obviously the terrorists must have some appeal to the others. Explain, please. That is where PMF comes in. And that is the place where he may go out of the government—he and at least three other fellow-members of the Mollet cabinet. It is not that PMF seeks to explain. He has carefully kept out of sight and hearing of the public; he has never been so discreet. But he has let it be known—there are ways—that he disagrees, that he protests. And whatever else may be thought of him, he is recognized by the French as honest, courageous, intelligent, able and eager to tell the truth.

As has been justly pointed out in this journal ("Algeria—Can France Hold On?" *NR*, April 9), France is now faced with two rebellions in Algeria: one by the Moslem nationalists, the other by the French *colons*. Lacoste strongly supported by Mollet, refuses, he says, "to have to fight on two fronts." Military repression of the Moslem rebels first, he says, then later on, the reforms which to the *colons*, mean a parallel repression of them. It is a defendable position. But it is odd, people note, that when Lacoste and Mollet choose to defend it, in interviews and statements, they find it proper to use newspapers plainly and boldly on the side of the *colons*—*L'Aurore, L'Echo d'Alger, Jours de France.*

PMF is not on the opposite side of the street. He says at this juncture, that he is not opposed to sending the military reinforcements to Algeria. On the contrary, he feels that there has been too much delay already, and that too few men have been called up. He also says that he is not in favor *now* of trying to negotiate with the Moslems, and that there are not yet present and available the so-called valid interlocutors who can do so effectively, with justice, with authority. Here he parts company not only with the Communists and fellow-travelers but also with a relatively small but important, vigorous, articulate faction of the Socialists and Left intellectuals — the French equivalents of the Bevanites and Crossmanites. He also disappoints some of his, previously, strongest supporters.

It should be noted in passing, however, that PMF does most passionately object to the kind of persecution which is being meted out to the un-like-minded liberals by a nominally Socialist and democratic government. They are literally being tracked down by the police and the military authorities, on orders of the Minister of National Defense—with, of course, the knowledge and consent of Mollet. The arrest of Editor Claude Bourdet was a scandal. The case of Professor Henri Marrou, a famous authority on the early Church Fathers, was more ridiculous than scandalous. The learned gentleman wrote an article in the "Free Forum" of an evening newspaper in which he criticized some of the government's activities in Algeria. The police raided his home, searched high and low for the "sources" of his "information," and finding no documents, interrogated M. Marrou. He explained that he did in fact have sources but they were all

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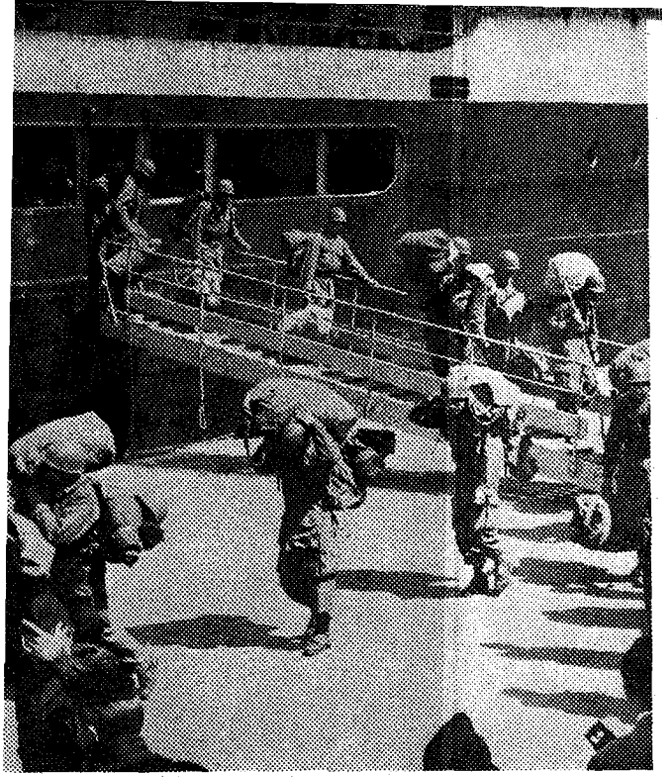

French soldiers leave transport at Algiers

in his head. The police decided they had no right to the professor's head, so they left.

PMF's argument is that the problem of fighting on two fronts is not the point. The government should fight on the military front and *act* on the political front; it should try by military means to put an end to the Moslem terrorism and at the same time—not some time later—it should provide concrete reforms which can give hope and confidence to the Moslems who at present are turning toward Mohammed ben Bella and his backers in Cairo for want of an alternative. The discrepancy between the status of the Moslem community and that of the French (and European) is so glaring that something must be done at once.

At a long cabinet meeting—it lasted six hours—PMF spelled out some of his ideas: respect for certain civil liberties equally for all the people of Algeria, Moslem and European; complete reorganization of the system of farm loans; sanctions against persons known to be responsible for illegal acts; municipal reforms and elections. At present, the Europeans have the right to three-fifths of the seats in municipal councils: PMF wants equality *now*, at least in regions where the terrorists are not active. Equality in this respect—and others—runs into the antagonism — and sabotage — of the European mayors of towns; PMF wants the mayors to be told that now that French soldiers by the hundreds of thousands are pouring into Algeria, the time has come to change their stand. After the municipal reforms, there should be free elections—and if these cannot yet be held, at least the Moslems should be told about when and how they will be held.

At the cabinet meeting, Mendès-France got support from three Socialist Ministers, Defferre, Savary and Gazier. Indeed, Defferre argued that general, free elections should be held in Algeria without waiting for the end of the five-months period fixed by Lacoste for the "pacification." Eventually, such elections will have to be held: Mollet has formally promised them. And, said Deffere, could one believe that if they are held after months of fighting and killing, the Moslems elected to office will be more conciliatory? And if the Moslems, elected freely, decided to declare Algeria independent, what could the French do to oppose them? On the other hand, if political freedom, justice, equality is given gradually to the Moslems now, there may be moderates later on willing to compromise.

Lacoste brushed it all aside. First, he said, the French *presence militaire* must be uncontested. He spoke of a number of reforms he was willing to make now. But PMF was able to show that French officials in Algeria had so changed, twisted, watered down the documents incorporating these reforms, that in effect all they did was to confirm the present status quo. Lacoste recognized that the changes had been "regrettable" but the next day Mollet, in a public speech, affirmed that splendid reforms had already been made, that everything was going fine.

No, it is not true, PMF insists. Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, editor of the *Express*, comments that nothing has been done so far which affects the "great feudal privileges that make Algeria a land of injustice and hatred," that much has to be done "to break the feudal and police state which no army in the world could defend against the explosion of a whole people."

PMF has set his deadline and time is running out. The effect of his resignation would be very bad in France, perhaps worse in Algeria. In France, it might lead to a sharp swing either to the Left, perhaps even to a Popular Front with Communist participation; or to the Right, perhaps even as far as a combination of overt and covert enemies of the present Republican form of government.

For Algeria the departure of PMF would mean for the moderate Moslems the removal from the active political scene of the Frenchman who has become the most important symbol of sympathetic understanding of Moslem aspirations in North Africa, the most effective proponent of a gradualist but real advance toward the granting of justice and freedom to the Moslems. To the masses of moderate Frenchmen—and Mollet insists that they exist—it would be the signal for discouragement and despair. But it would almost certainly strengthen the leaders of both of the Algerian rebellions, that of the *colons* and that of the Moslems. If the Right came to power in Paris, the *colons* would look for and get support; if the Left took office, they would look elsewhere for help in striving toward the goal of a racist regime of the South African type. In either case, for the Moslems, the solvent would certainly not be far away for those "indissoluble links" with France.

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NOTES ON THE SOUTH

Belzoni, Mississippi

"THE WORLD'S going to hell, isn't it?" asked the manageress of Belzoni's only hotel ($1.50, OR $2.50 WITH BATH. AIR-COOLED THROUGHOUT).

Belzoni, Mississippi, a populated ghost-town on the Yazoo River, calls itself the "Heart of the Delta." It is the County Seat of Humphreys County—7,000 whites, 16,000 Negroes. Its Police Department is a black Ford parked in front of the Sears, Roebuck Store and the car is usually empty. Down the street is the office of C. L. Puckett: "Tax Consultant."

Mr. Puckett is also Secretary of the Belzoni Citizens' Council which has about 500 members. In the County there are 2,000 voters and half of them belong to the Humphreys County Citizens' Council. Mr. Puckett is, *ex officio,* a member of the Citizens' Council County Executive Committee, along with most of Belzoni's prominent residents (an automobile salesman, two bankers, a store owner, an insurance salesman, and several planters). Mr. Puckett explains that "we fight three things: the NAACP —because it's a Communist organization; the Communists; and Supreme Court rulings like the recent ones." But the Citizens' Council "wouldn't tell the people to apply economic pressure—if we did we would be a conspiracy." On the other hand, Mr. Puckett is careful to justify economic pressure: "Why should we associate with people that are working against the majority?"

As an example of the civic-mindedness of the Belzoni Citizens' Council, Mr. Puckett mentioned the "level-headed businessmen" who were sent to the polls on voting day for "security purposes." He didn't mention that one of the security purposes was to keep the Negroes from voting, and that one of the "level-headed businessmen" followed a Negro home from the polls and slashed him with a knife.

AROUND THE CORNER from Mr. Puckett's office is a Coca Cola Bottling Plant. Its manager is not a member of the Citizens' Council and so his views can be considered relatively conservative. He has this to say:

> Integration leads to intermarriage; then there won't be any whites left or nigras left: there'd be a race of mulattoes. If my daughter starts going to school with nigras now, by the time she gets to college she won't think anything of dating one of 'em.
>
> The nigra's life consists of sex, eating and drinking. . . . There are a few unusual nigras, but you know why? They're not all nigra; they're part white—that's why he's intelligent. The reason the nigra isn't better off is because he doesn't want any responsibility: if he's sick or needs money or clothes, the boss-man'll take care of him.
>
> This town is 70-percent nigra; if the nigra voted there'd be nigra candidates in office.

A local Negro minister, the Rev. George Lee, printed announcements for the Belzoni NAACP that told the people to be sure and register and pay their poll-tax. He knew that a Citizens' Council member had said that "if we can get rid of Lee, we won't have any trouble with the rest of 'em." He had received warnings over the phone and finally a written threat. But he continued his work for the NAACP. One Saturday night last May—after telling a concerned friend that he wasn't afraid—the Reverend Lee was shot and killed while driving home from downtown. Sheriff Ike Shelton had the victim's car immediately towed away to a deserted barn and locked up. Until the FBI laboratory in Washington proved he was wrong, the Sheriff insisted that the buck-shot found in the Reverend Lee's mouth were fillings.

After describing the ineffectiveness of the Sheriff and of the FBI (which spent five weeks investigating the murder), Mrs. Lee explains that her husband "paid his poll-tax like every white man, so he believed that he ought to be able to express his voice in deciding who would be governing him . . . he wanted equal schools—he never discussed integration." But the Reverend Lee did not have much of a following: "We didn't have any children, but so many of our friends do; we tried to get them interested, but we just couldn't do anything."

One of Mrs. Lee's friends is a carefully-dressed rarity: a Negro planter who lives in a large house and drives a '56 Olds. He is by far the wealthiest Negro in Belzoni; but he is still dependent on the white man—the white man who owns the only cotton gin in town. As Mrs. Lee says: "We have our finger in the white man's mouth, and we have to be careful lest he close his mouth."

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, Gus Courts has felt the white man's bite. In 1954—right after the Belzoni Citizens' Council was founded—Mr. Courts, a Negro, was approached by a Citizens' Council member who told him that if his name wasn't removed from the voting registration book, he would be evicted from the grocery store that he was renting. Three days later Mr. Courts' rent was raised; he wasn't evicted; he just couldn't pay the

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rent. At the time, Mr. Courts was in the midst of an attempt to get the Sheriff to reopen the registration books so that the Negroes could pay their poll-tax.

Mr. Courts moved to a new store, and last spring he received a visit from Mr. Fly who was then head of the Belzoni Citizens' Council. He showed Mr. Courts a list that had been distributed to all the local white employers of Negroes. It was a list containing the names of Belzoni's 95 qualified Negro voters—almost all of whom had been fired and could not get another job. Since Mr. Courts was self-employed, Mr. Fly could only try to talk him out of voting.

When the Primary was held last summer, Mr. Courts led Belzoni's 22 hopeful Negro voters to the Court House poll. They were asked 10 questions ("Are you a member of the Democratic Party?"; "Do you believe in integration?"; etc.) and then they had their votes challenged.

Even before this incident, Mr. Courts had been called to a meeting held in Belzoni's Guaranty Bank and Trust Company. The Bank President—who claimed to be speaking for the Citizens' Council—warned him that "if you don't back down [from the NAACP leadership], we'll force you out of business."

LAST FALL Burt Ragon—a Belzoni service-station operator and member of the Citizens' Council—told Mr. Courts that "they're planning to get rid of you; I don't know how and I don't want to know." (The FBI later checked this statement and Mr. Ragon denied he ever made it.) At any rate, it had now become clear that Mr. Courts would not stay in his so-called place, so he was shot—but not quite killed, since his would-be assassins (who have never been found) had to fire into his store past a parked truck that obstructed their view. Mr. Courts insisted on being taken to a hospital in the all-Negro town of Mound Bayou that was more than 80 miles away. This annoyed Sheriff Shelton who had apparently been waiting for Mr. Courts at the Belzoni Hospital before the shooting actually occurred.

The only witness to the shooting was one of Mr. Courts' customers—Mrs. Savannah Luton. She saw a white man get out of a car and fire a shotgun. When Sheriff Shelton was unable to convince her that she had instead seen a "real bright Negro," Mrs. Luton, a widow, found that she and her four children had been taken off relief by the State Welfare Department.

After he was discharged from the hospital, Mr. Courts wanted to go back to Belzoni but was dissuaded by less heroic friends. He is still determined to vote in Belzoni, and recently sent the Sheriff $2 for his 1955 poll tax.

Belzoni no longer has an active NAACP chapter—nor, in fact, any kind of Negro leadership. T. V. Johnson, an undertaker, was afraid to provide Gus Courts with an ambulance when he was shot. And yet there was a time when Mr. Johnson was one of the town's most militant Negro leaders. Now he wants nothing more than to be left alone. He complains that "everyone who comes down here writes lies: it began with an article in *Time* called 'The Reign of Terror.' Some man from the *Post* was here and I got rid of him. They know all about us up there—the people who sit around the tables and talk: the Congressmen and businessmen and newspaper people."

CHARLES J. LAPIDARY

MR. LAPIDARY *recently completed a six weeks survey of race relations in Mississippi.*

Giving Racism the Sanctity of Law

IT IS EASIER to say what is happening in the South than to explain why it is happening. For years, the Supreme Court has been stepping on Southern toes. Why are Southerners who bore with these other "intrusions" so unappeasable now?

Conceivably, they are following the example of the Indian chief who, according to Thomas Jefferson, "said he did not go to war for every petty injury by itself, but put it in his pouch, and when it was full, then went to war." But it is not merely an overflowing accumulation of injuries which has made the South so rebellious. There are other reasons, and the most obvious of these is the specially inflaming nature of the school decision.

It is obnoxious to most Southerners because they see it as reaching to the very core of their racial integrity. A very genuine fear of the consequences of classroom intimacy has gripped men and women to whom the cry of "mongrelization" now makes more sense than ever.

Segregation as a whole would not be what it is in the South if whites of conscience, character and culture had not consented to extreme measures to "keep the Negro in his place." Nor would that consent have been forthcoming if, at the heart of their thinking and feeling, Southerners had not been convinced that amalgamation is the Negro's primary aim. If the Negro has been made an untouchable in the South, the fault lies considerably with the better-bred, better-placed whites from whom something finer than a surrender to Negrophobia could have been expected. The mentality of the "poor white" has taken over Southern affairs. Be it said to their shame,

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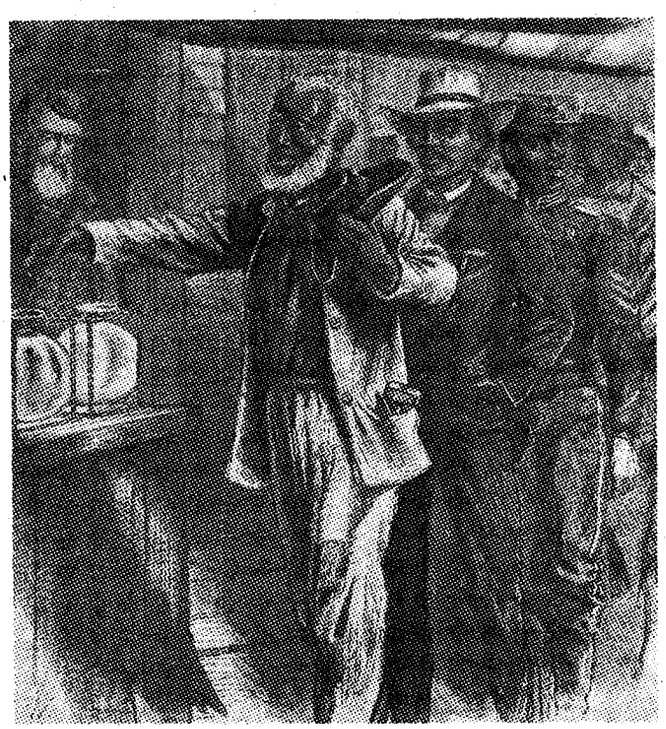
NOTES ON THE SOUTH

the upper and middle classes have accepted that domination.

SEGREGATION was not always the system it has become. This "Southern way of life" is a relatively recent arrival. Vann Woodward makes that clear enough in *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*. Before the Civil War, whites and Negroes were not isolated in separate worlds. After Reconstruction, Negroes were not subjected to the multiplied restrictions of a later day. Indeed, the Negro was for a decade and a half courted in a fashion, because he counted for something as a voter.

That is not to say the Negro was at ease in other respects. Sufferance was his badge. But he was not yet stigmatized by statutes and ordinances. He was not yet at the mercy of policemen, motormen and other functionaries. What shielded the Negro was the insistence of Conservatives, headed by aristocratic leaders, that former slaves should not be hounded by the "red neck" element. Hampton of South Carolina, Lamar of Missouri, Oates of Alabama, and like-minded men, articulated a sense of *noblesse oblige*. But they and their fellows were not listened to. The tide was running against them. They lost the backing of their lieutenants and the rank-and-file of their party. It was no longer healthy for Southern politicians to show magnanimity. The one group to which the Negro could look for protection turned away, leaving him naked in the presence of his enemy.



"The First Vote," from *Harper's Weekly*, shows a Southern polling place during the state elections of 1867.

THE SHIFT to ruthless racism came at about the turn of the century, when demagogues like Tillman, Vardaman, Hoke Smith, were in flower. They demanded that the Negro be disfranchised. New constitutions were written accordingly. Race riots disgraced cities like Atlanta and New Orleans. Taboo by taboo, segregation was re-enforced until it became the over-shadowing feature of Southern life.

This could not have happened if the national mood had not been so complacent. The country had grown weary of bloody-shirt waving. It was primarily interested in making money, in material expansion—and it had valuable investments in the South. The Spanish-American War brought South and North together against a common foe; America's venture in imperialism gave Southerners warrant for their handling of a subject people.

The intersectional era of good feeling not only dulled the edge of solicitude for the Negro in quarters formerly vigilant in his behalf. It also led to Supreme Court decisions favoring repressive forces in the South. Among them was the Plessy case of 1896 with its doctrine of "separate but equal" school facilities. It was a famous victory for the segregationists, but they failed to implement the court's judgment—they were too intent on keeping schools separate to make them equal. Only quite recently, since the Supreme Court has shown a less benign countenance, have desperate efforts been made to redress the balance. Former Gov. James Byrnes is quoted as saying: "To meet this situation we are forced to do now what we should have been doing for the last 50 years."

If Negroes did not get the schools to which they were entitled, a heavy onus rests on the more responsible elements of Southern society. They led the procession out of the ruin left by the Civil War. They became the textile barons, the industrial pioneers. Because of their means and position, they could have influenced treatment of the Negro. They found it expedient to acquiesce in his being kept underheel. They could have prevented the excesses of segregation. But they did not, and so tightened the clutch of conformity on the Southern mind.

WHAT THIS conformity has cost the South is beyond computation. Its political effect is obvious. But much more hurtful is what it has done to intellectual freedom. It has made open-mindedness a social crime. It has condemned scholarship to sterility. It has driven some of the best Southern minds away from the South. So many Mississippians are to be found on college faculties elsewhere that one is led to wonder whether their being away is not somehow related to the darkness at noon which has made Mississippi justice an object for contempt.

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But Mississippi is in good company. Consider Georgia, where Guy Wells, a distinguished educator, is being harried merely because he sought to bring the Negro question into the field of rational discussion. Consider Alabama, where a Supreme Court justice seeking re-election, went so far in pledging himself against integration that he committed suicide because he could not bear living longer with himself on such terms. These are fruits of bigotry, translating its prohibitions into custom "heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

The upshot is that thousands of Southerners are afraid to say what is in their hearts. They consider it futile to court unpopularity and embarrassment for their convictions, and so they keep their views under their hats. Most Southerners are segregationists, but not to the same degree. They are not all die-hards. But all the same, they dare not speak up in communities so uncongenial to independent judgment. And that is particularly the case when they are confronted with what appears to be the renewal of an old romanticism.

Today, many Southerners are talking and acting as though they might go back to the world of 1861. They know better, but their excitability, feeding on anger and grievance, has for the moment made neo-Confederates of them. How is it possible for them to indulge this dead passion? W. J. Cash, in his *Mind of the South* has a revealing word:

> Attachment to fictions and false values, above all too great attachment to racial values and a tendency to justify cruelty and injustice in the name of those values, sentimentality and a lack of realism—these have been the South's characteristic vices in the past. And, despite changes for the better, they remain its characteristic vices today.

This was published in 1940. These vices have been deepened in the intervening decade and a half, years of prosperity. Jeshurun has waxed fat and kicks.

THE SOUTH needs above all else machinery for bringing white and Negro leaders together for constructive thinking and action. But interracial action will not alone bring about peaceful relations in a common pursuit of happiness. There are conditions precedent, the first of which is the realization by Southerners that mere incorrigibility will get them nowhere. They are in and of the United States, and are bound by the law of the land. Once they face up to this proposition, they will know how to deal with the problem of desegregation.

THE SOUTH has been going through a vast industrial expansion, partly because plants are being brought closer to consumers in a region which is flourishing. But factories are not attracted by discord. The prospect of racial conflict is likely to disturb executives who look ahead when seeking new locations. Once it appears that racial bitterness is not good for Southern business, there is bound to be a change for the better.

But businessmen, North and South, are not the only source of amelioration. Organized labor can make an enormous contribution. One of the saddest aspects of the current uproar in the South is the fact that unionists are conspicuous in the pro-segregation Citizens Councils. Yet it should not be surprising that industrial workers, only recently tenant-farmers and the like, are hostile to the Negro. They have brought to their new environment an old enmity, stronger than the impression made on them by statements from union headquarters in Washington, Pittsburgh or New York

National labor leaders face a challenge not only to their authority but to their imagination. Before they launch their organizing drive in the South, they might consider the advisability of breaking the ground educationally, preparing the way for new relationships among union members. Workers education is not a new thing. The methods already tested can be adapted to the requirements of the South. What workers need is not merely the familiar pattern of unionization but food for their minds and souls so that loyalty to unions can lead to a spiritual emancipation for those who have walked in the darkness of bigotry too long.

FOR THE FIRST time since the 1860's, the South is enjoying an abundance which has flooded the length and breadth of the region, bringing satisfactions undreamed-of in the not-so-long-ago lean and hungry years. Combine the intoxication of recently acquired wealth with parochialism and the outcome is likely to be the kind of unruliness we see in the South.

That Southerners would not give up segregation willingly was to have been taken for granted. Shrill protests and fabian tactics were clearly indicated. But we have seen more than that—we have seen signs of a spirit which smacks of battles long ago.

The average Southerner is not, of course, consciously harking back to old, unhappy, far-off things. He is thinking in more immediate terms—the terms, let us say, used by the Charleston, S.C., editor, T. R. Waring, in his *Harper's* magazine article. In gentler language than he employs on his editorial page, Mr. Waring picks out the physical and mental flaws in the Negro which make him not good enough for integrated schools. That is the way the average Southerner feels about the matter; he does not associate with Negroes and he will not permit his children to do so.

But this does not explain the militancy which is convulsing the region. Something else has aroused the South —the feeling that it is being pushed around. The South does not care whether it is wrong—so asserts no less a

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NOTES ON THE SOUTH

person than William Faulkner, who speaks of "an emotional conditions of such fierce unanimity as . . . will go to any length and against any odds at this moment to justify and, if necessary, defend that condition. . . ."

There will be no second civil war, and Mr. Faulkner is merely seeing things when he says the South is "armed for revolt." That is too much for even so pronounced a segregationist as Mr. Waring, who sees nothing like armed conflict ahead. But what of another militancy, that of the Southern Negroes, a stiffening of fiber and purpose, induced by equality in the armed services, by success in the courts, by economic improvement, by the aroused concern of the country at large, by an awareness that color is a new international consideration? These things have led to a deepened resolution and that resolution should not be underrated. It has come to stay.

Efforts to punish or cripple the NAACP only mean that for Southerners it has taken the place of the abolitionists of many years ago. They are futile efforts for a number of reasons, not the least being the fact that Southern Negroes know their rights and do not have to rely on outside leadership to assert them. The best proof of that is the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott. It was not incited by the NAACP. It emerged from local conditions, and its success must have surprised the NAACP.

FOR YEARS to come, there will be much for the NAACP to do, but it ought to re-examine its program. Must it continue using the bludgeon—could it not turn to the rapier? Having established a legal principle, should it not employ patience to effectuate it? A hint of a change in emphasis was implied by Thurgood Marshall, attorney for the NAACP, when he told reporters after the last Autherine Lucy hearing, "All we tried to do is to win her the right to go to school—now it's her baby," meaning she alone could decide whether to seek re-admission. Organizations like the NAACP are well-advised not to rely on mere avowals of good intentions. But they can afford to speak softly, now that they have a big stick in reserve.

But the value of diplomacy depends on the attitude of the party of the other part. If there is no letup in the humiliation and proscription of Negroes, if they are not recognized as full-fledged voters according to standards honestly applied to all regardless of color, there is little chance of finding common ground.

THERE ARE more Negro voters in the South than is commonly realized. That is not to say they won this right without striving for it against great odds, or that they are permitted to enjoy it without interference. But they are not shut out as was once the case. Strangely enough, Georgia with its Talmadgeism has a relatively large number of Negro registrants. That came about when the state had its little splurge in liberalism under Ellis Arnall.

The task of ridding suffrage of the color line is complicated by the disproportion of whites and blacks in certain parts of several states. Some way of redressing the balance must be found. The strain would be eased if more Negroes emigrated to other sections of the country. Already an enormous exodus has taken place.

But Negroes who have gone North, East and West have not found the liberation they expected. With respect to housing and employment, with respect to other decencies we identify with the good democratic life, disillusionment has been their portion. The conscience of the country is surely uneasy on this score. It ought to be, not merely because this is indifference to wrong, but because the failure elsewhere to give the Negro what he is entitled to is seized upon by defenders of Southern conditions as justifying much graver deprivations.

Only when Americans generally are willing to see the Negro issue as something bigger than Southern obstreperousness will progress be made. Rebuking the South is not enough. Demanding that the South be forced to observe the Supreme Court's decree is not enough. Neither reproaches nor calls for stern measures will in themselves improve matters materially. But acceptance of the proposition that discrimination is a national sin which must be faced up to with a sense of national repentance—therein lies the best hope for directing the moral strength of America at the South, not because it is the sole offender but because it has given racism the sanctity of law.

It is too much to expect Southern resentment to die out swiftly, or to die out without explosions of one kind or another. So far, vociferous ultra-segregationists have had their way. They have been encouraged by the neutralism of moderates. They have not had the disapproval of respected molders of public opinion. The church, the press, the colleges, have abdicated, or, in the case of some newspapers, have joined hands with groups which they will denounce later on, as they once tolerated and then cried out against the Ku Klux Klan.

What happens in the near future, after the earthquake and the wind will come the still, small voice of recovered sanity.

> The answer is time [says Stuart Cloete about South Africa]. The present which disturbs us all so much is the transition, the period of flux that separates the near but savage past from a future in which if we do not all love one another like brothers we shall do as well as most people do in a symbiotic association that should be profitable and happy for us all.
>
> PAUL MAYHEW

PAUL MAYHEW, *who writes here under a pseudonym, is a distinguished Southern jurist and writer.*

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Freud—Self-Knowledge as Salvation

by Geoffrey Gorer

"To us he is no more a person," W. H. Auden wrote when Freud died in 1939 "but a whole climate of opinion." There is little to be said of the person who was born in Freiburg a hundred years ago beyond what Dr. Ernest Jones tells us in his superb biography; but the occasion seems not unsuitable to a consideration of the way he has altered the world we live in. Whether they consciously agree with Freud or not, almost all articulate people in the Western world (and many in other societies) think and act differently because Freud lived and wrote. Politicians apart, the same can only be said of two other people born since the industrial revolution: Charles Darwin and Karl Marx.

Freud's influences persist in three different forms: as a theory of psychology, as a philosophy, and as a technique of therapy. Although for Freud these three aspects of his life and work were impenetrably inter-connected, they are not necessarily so for us today; it is quite possible to reject or ignore one or more of these aspects, and to treat the remainder as a major acquisition to human knowledge or skill.

It seems that only the most Talmudic of Freud's followers today accept his philosophy as an important contribution to truth or knowledge. Freud was very much a product of his period—materialist, atheist, evolutionary with some tendency to orthogenesis. His chief novelty was his persistent dualism, the derivation of all phenomena from the interaction of two contrary principles. Throughout his work this dualism persists, but the identification of the principles changes; in his final formulation they are Eros and Thanatos, the biological (*not* psychological) instincts of life and death, working together towards Unbeing. This somewhat Manichaean concept gave a basis to Freud's profound pessimism, to his belief that every gain entails a corresponding loss sooner or later, that what one wins on the swings will be quite inevitably lost on the roundabouts. For Freud the philosopher, love is not stronger than death; perhaps the most permanent contribution of Freud the psychologist is his insistence on the preponderant strength and importance of love for man's health or sickness, happiness or misery, productiveness or destructiveness. As a philosopher, Freud is in the tradition of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche; and so much of his argument is based on unprovable, and improbable, reconstructions of human pre-history that it is likely that it would only be known to a few specialists today if the author had not described it as metapsychology.

It can be plausibly argued that Freud's most influential contribution to theoretical psychology has been the placing of the experimenter inside the experiment. Before Freud the social psychologist, the psychiatrist, to a very great extent the doctor tended to act and write as if they were god-like beings, without human emotions, without prejudices, without any relations (other than scientific curiosity) with their human guinea-pigs; and the guinea-pigs were considered too lowly to have any feelings, other than compliant respect, for the scientist who was observing them. By insisting on the psychologist having a very long training in self-knowledge (a "training analysis") and making the inter-relationship of the analyst and the patient ("transference" and "counter-transference") the center of the therapeutic process, Freud produced a complete transformation, not merely in psychotherapy, but in nearly all the fields of human relations. He has made the god-like pose much more difficult to maintain for school teacher or prison officer, anthropologist or social worker, cleric or layman.

A second lesson in humility was the demonstration that no human behavior can be considered meaningless or ultimately un-understandable. Freud brought back into consideration an enormous amount of human behavior which common sense had dismissed as too trivial or too nonsensical for attention: in the first place dreams, and all the life of the night, fantasy, the mistakes, and tics, and accidents to which we are all unwillingly prone. This reconquest of such large areas of human life and experience was brought about by a strictly historical interpretation of human behavior; all activities and emotions had historical antecedents in the life of the person who acted or felt, which, if completely explored, could completely explain. The emphasis on historical as opposed to mechanical (*videlicet* anatomical, physiological, hereditary, neurological) explanations for the varieties of human behavior is probably the most far-reaching, as it is also probably the best-known aspect of the revolution in thought which Freud instigated.

Sigmund Freud was born on May 6, 1856, and Mr. Gorer's essay commemorates the centenary of that date.

It can also be plausibly argued that the greatest harm which is being done in Freud's name derives from the misuse of the historical explanation for neurotic, anti-social or criminal behavior. To an extent which Freud himself certainly never envisaged, psychoanalytic—or at least psychoanalytically tinged—explanations have been treated as though they were excuses. Perhaps particularly in penological literature, the establishment of unfavorable conditions in the early history of an individual (broken home, dominating or rejecting parent, and so on) are treated as though the individual were thereby relieved of all responsibility. Although the will is perhaps the greatest casualty in Freud's theory of psychology, in his own life this charitable, austere and dedicated man of genius demonstrated a most marked sense of moral responsibility. It is ironical that his discoveries should be exploited for exculpation.

It is disgraceful that his discoveries are being exploited for profit. The manipulation of his insights to increase "the productivity of the workers" or the effectiveness of advertising through such devices as "motivation research" or other attempts to exploit the unconscious hopes and fears of the purchaser cannot be described in temperate terms.

In his analysis of the primary process,

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the language of dreams and early childhood, Freud provided the grammar of a language hitherto only spoken by poets and prophets, at least loud enough for other men to hear. By insisting on the total interdependence of mind and body he restored to the latter a dignity which has hardly been granted over the last two millennia.

The importance and the wisdom of the body, of biological man, is still the hardest concept for psychologists and psychiatrists to accept; all the revisions, the reforms, the "new schools" (or heresies) of psychoanalysis start by breaking the bonds between the mind and the body. Even psychosomatic medicine has a tendency to ignore the second portion of the compound phrase. Yet the greatness of Freud's contribution rests on this double emphasis; the growth of our knowledge of human nature and human potentialities depends on our taking into account the whole of human behavior and Freud is the only scientist who has provided the techniques and concepts necessary.

It is as a technique of therapy that Freudian psychoanalysis is still in the most questionable phase. There seems little doubt that it was extremely effective in dealing with hysterical conversion, the type of neurosis for which it was first developed; but the result seems to have been that this particular type of neurosis has practically disappeared in the Western world. The younger practicing psychoanalysts have, many of them, never seen a typical, uncomplicated case; and one of the most striking contrasts is that between the "shell shock" of the First World War and the "battle fatigue" of the Second. Most cases of "shell shock" seem to have been fairly straight-forward conversion symptoms: hysterical blindness, hysterical paralysis, and so on; a generation later the most usual symptom was melancholia. It is hard to establish the connection between a successful therapy for conversion hysteria and the subsequent rejection of this technique of withdrawal from an intolerable situation by young men almost certainly ignorant of the advances in treatment; but it is also hard not to suspect that such a connection exists.

The effectiveness of this long-drawn, expensive and painful therapy for the treatment of other types of neurosis or psychosis is not so well established. Psychoanalysts have not been markedly co-operative in reporting results of treatment, in follow-ups, in providing the data customarily used to validate a physical or chemical type of therapy. Until such validation is forth-coming, the claims must necessarily be treated with considerable reserve.

My personal belief is that the main promise of psychoanalytic therapy lies in preventive action, in the psychoanalytic treatment of children. In my own experience, I have seen the most remarkable changes produced in children's characters, the speedy eradication of what looked like the seeds of unhappy withdrawn or neurotic characteristics. It would be fitting if this should prove to be the case, if the man who first called attention to the intensity of the emotions, the loves and hates and fears of childhood, should be the cause of children living happier lives. Dr. Freud would wish no better memorial.

The Vision and Style of D. H. Lawrence

by Harry T. Moore

D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, by F. R. Leavis (Knopf; $4.75).

Appropriately enough, Dr. Leavis' earlier book on Lawrence was a product of the Minority Press. That was soon after Lawrence's death in 1930, when sympathetic appraisals of his work were indeed a minority affair. But during all the 20 years of Lawrence's obscurity, Dr. Leavis kept plumping for him while revaluating and scrutinizing other authors and upsetting most of the norms and dons of English studies. Now Dr. Leavis has written a full-size critique of the novels of "the great creative genius of our age, and one of the greatest figures in English literature." It is partly the fault of Leavis' missionary work that his frequent assertions of this kind no longer seem heretical. Not that he leaves his generalities hanging: he is always a close reader of texts, and in this book he exercises his method of particularization as carefully as ever.

In limiting himself to the novels, Dr. Leavis can work in depth in the area of Lawrence's richest achievement. After Lawrence had tried out most of the literary forms, he determined that he was essentially a novelist. Even being a poet was an incomplete activity: the novel was "the one bright book of life." In this volume, Dr. Leavis extends his treatment to the shorter fiction, giving more space to *St. Mawr* and *The Captain's Doll* than to some of the large-size novels. He slips past *Sons and Lovers* with the good excuse that others have adequately dealt with it; as for *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* Dr. Leavis finds courage and sincerity and "much to admire" in this "hygienic enterprise," but he pushes it down among the "lesser novels." His tight summary of its limitations would be more effective if he didn't counter it with overpraise of *The Virgin and the Gipsy.*

Of course no reader of Lawrence is going to agree in every detail with Dr. Leavis or any other Lawrencean, though Dr. Leavis seems to expect a kind of violent allegiance all along the way: he tends to convert his details into ukases. It must be said in his favor that he works his details shrewdly and quite often most convincingly. His deep invasion of texts is usually impressive, though not necessarily enough so in the case of *The Virgin and the Gipsy* to be completely persuasive, this is hardly "one of Lawrence's finest things," enough in itself "to establish the author's genius as major." Again, in various passing references, Dr. Leavis too uncritically accepts *Fantasia of the Unconscious.* He is right in his praise of its "creative understanding," but he ignores the Lost-Atlantis guff and some of the other nonsense that Lawrence seemed to take seriously. Dr. Leavis is much sharper on the subject of *The Plumed Serpent.* He typically finds "good things" in it, "striking and characteristic manifestations of the author's genius," but the turgid ideology of that novel doesn't fool Dr. Leavis.

As one of the creators of the present Lawrence revival, Dr. Leavis has little to do with its revivalist side. The cultists

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e with us again, trying to make Lawnce into an original philosopher, hich he was not, and trying to erect his asic" ideas into a system. But the phisophic-prophetic side of Lawrence is its best when fused into his finest ovels and stories, and Dr. Leavis is brilantly right in finding this process opating most effectively in *The Rainbow* id *Women in Love,* and in devoting ost of his space to them. These novels e vitally prophetic, not in the sense of cantations over tea-leaves, but in the ep way they get to the heart of the roblems of modern man, Dr. Leavis ows how these two books dramatize e change from the older England that eorge Eliot could still know, to "the alady of the individual psyche as the rocess of industrial civilization"—emodied in Gerald Crich in *Women in ove*. Dr. Leavis discerningly points out ow judicious Lawrence was in the way e had Rupert Birkin oppose his values Gerald's:

> Self-dramatized in Birkin, the Lawrence who formulates conclusions ("doctrines") and ponders them suffers exposure to the searching tests and impersonal criteria that the artist's creative genius, which represents an impersonal profundity and wholeness of being, implicitly and impartially applies to them.

his is only a small sample of Dr. eavis' careful penetration of all parts f the subject under scrutiny. Completeess demands reference, also, to Dr. eavis' continual demonstrations as to hy Lawrence the novelist "is as reharkable a technical innovator as there as ever been." Those who want only to xtract ideas from Lawrence do not seem be aware of this technical proficiency, r of the power of his prose, which in Dr. Leavis' allowance makes him "one f the greatest masters of what is ceainly one of the greatest languages." Dr. Leavis also sees Lawrence as the utstanding literary critic of our time, nd as a great writer of comedy.

THE last point is one that few of Lawrence's commentators have noted; ut, with a handful of exceptions, Lawence has been extremely unfortunate in is commentators. Most people who ave written about him, biographically r critically, have done so in the spirit f Browning's Spanish-cloister monk: If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence, / God's blood, would not mine kill you!"

The sensational newspaper attacks on Lawrence, the police-court suppressions of his work, and all the personality-mongering of the memoirs are the accidents of Lawrence's career: he has survived them because he was a great writer, because of the power of his utterance—and because of his supreme intelligence, upon which Dr. Leavis so rightly keeps insisting. It was an intelligence that nonsense sometimes clouded, but in the main Lawrence's values have "come through," despite long neglect and despite violent opposition to them because they didn't jibe with what Dr. Leavis calls "the ethos of old Bloomsbury." Dr. Leavis reserves his special anger, which casts a red glare over the whole book, for T. S. Eliot, that "American Unitarian who became an Anglo-Catholic and charged Lawrence with snobbery." Granting that Mr. Eliot has usually been wrong about Lawrence, Dr. Leavis' extreme and somewhat repetitious rage over this tends to disfigure his own cause as well as Lawrence's.

Yet the positive qualities of this book remain supreme: the generous quotations from Lawrence, and the profound and vital comments on them. Even Lawrence veterans will learn much from these, and newcomers will greatly benefit from them. For Lawrence is not easy to approach, these days. Except for *Sons and Lovers,* none of his bigger novels stands by itself; they all interpenetrate. *The Rainbow* can't be understood to the fullest without *Women in Love,* and vice-versa; and both these novels help readers to interpret *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo,* which in turn have a reciprocal relationship—and so on. Besides, there is a vast body of essays and other background material, mostly out of print, necessary to the completest understanding of the novels. Fortunately, Dr. Leavis has a long and deep acquaintance with this material. Altogether, his book, with all its fervor and cantankerousness, stands out monumentally in the criticism in its field.

Relaxation Under Eisenhower

by Stanley Elkins

AT first glance *The Eisenhower Years* has all the earmarks of another "insider" book written by a particularly talented member of that talented clan, the Washington correspondents. The first impression, however, is mistaken; Mr. Rovere's book is not simply a collection of the best of a good reporter, it is something more; it is a set of first-class critical essays on the current public scene. The distinction, furthermore, is not a minor one: the critical essay is a form with a rich tradition and with standards all its own; no writer as sensitive and as devoted to his craft as is Mr. Rovere could help being influenced by those standards—standards of detachment, sympathy, and respect for the persons and things under scrutiny.

Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years, by Richard R. Rovere (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4.50).

The initial confusion may stem from the fact that these standards, combined with this medium, have never greatly flourished in this country. Here, the point of stimulus for political writing has traditionally been either broad humor (Artemus Ward, Mr. Dooley), or right-thinking anxiety about "keeping informed." Mr. Rovere's assumptions, if I sense them rightly, are more like those that once obtained in the great capitals of 19th-Century Europe: that in a political setting of stability and power one can afford alternative literary approaches to the affairs of state. He assumes that the reader at *The New Yorker* level (actually a widely-shared level, these days) knows a great deal more about what is going on than we think he knows. He assumes that all does not quite hinge upon the decisions of tomorrow. *His* approach to the scene, then, will go on from there.

The "Letters from Washington" (selected, edited, and occasionally amplified), of which the book is a collection, contains a series of commentaries on those aspects of our national affairs

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and public personalities (from early 1952 to December of last year) which have been of special interest to the author. He shows us the pre-convention Eisenhower and speculates upon his qualifications for the Presidency. We see glimpses of the "Non-Titanic Struggle" between the General's forces and those of Senator Taft (and later, an appreciation of Taft as floor leader). There is a sketch, written nine days after the election, of Secretary Dulles—a man of boundless optimism and deepest gloom, who could dissociate himself with remarkable ease from earlier policy commitments but whose obsession with the moral and spiritual in world affairs was reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson at his worst. There is one of Cohn and Schine in Europe (how can a proper inquisition be conducted by buffoons?) and one of Senator McCarthy before Watkins and his "hanging judges." Throughout, the emphasis is always on the "feel" of things.

IN a political culture as essentially non-ideological as our own, there are marked advantages to this kind of political reporting. Unlike his European counterpart, the American voter is not equipped with a set of sharp formulas by which to test each act of a government. He depends rather on the tone, or *style,* which an administration's leaders create—not only by their specific policies, but by the way they talk, and act, and carry out their plans. To the European, trained in the hard-bitten school of ideological politics, this often appears as the vaguest and most naïve of tests to use upon the behavior of a political party. But in his bones the American knows better. He has come to sense from long experience that consistency in style can serve as a far more dependable guide to the real intentions of an administration than consistency in "policy" or "program." Indeed, he often confuses them—but it hardly matters.

Consider, for example, the experience of so many Americans under the New Deal from 1933 to 1940. The shifts and turns in the Democratic "program" are almost legendary; a consistent line of policy was maddeningly difficult to trace. Nonetheless, for great numbers of people, the New Deal had its logic: the government *cared.* It was this faith in the administration's good intentions that gave the New Deal its great flexibility. So long as the people retained it, they could feel no primary concern over the inconsistencies of legislation or the daily blunders of administrators. The matter has its other side. The existence of such a state of what Burke called "unsuspecting confidence" gives an administration great leeway in dealing with any specific issue, but in no sense does it free its leaders to do as they please. They come to discover that the style they have adopted generates its own coercions. They must do nothing to undermine it or they will lose a prize of no small value; without the free gift of "confidence," the life of an American politician can become thoroughly impossible.

But can one be deceived by an artificially created "style"—by a pose, systematically maintained by the skilled use of the mass media? Most Americans will tell you "yes"—so readily, in fact, that you sometimes wonder who is left to be taken in. But admitting a margin of danger, the role of the critic in politics, especially one as perceptive and responsible as Mr. Rovere, can take on special importance. With his sensitivity to the finer shades of style, the critic can in short order undermine the usefulness of almost any political pose, no matter how well-protected by the arts of public relations. The skeptic may doubt this ("nobody sees it but me"), but we have, in fact, skeptics all about us. In American political life, the only styles that have succeeded over any length of time have been those rooted in reality.

WHAT styles, then, have characterized the Eisenhower administration—and to what extent are they "rooted in reality"? There are several discernible themes. One that comes to mind is "Big Business in Government," symbolized by Charlie Wilson's remark that what was "good for General Motors" was "good for the country." Most connoisseurs, however, have tended to give this and similar off-the-cuff maxims a rather less sinister "meaning": they mainly represent the verbal bungles of rank political amateurs. But then who *does* set the standards, if not the big business leaders? In Richard Rovere's opinion the key man is Vice-President Nixon:

> More than anyone else, he has set the political style of the Eisenhower administration with its heavy borrowings from the techniques of modern advertising and . . . its emphasis on the modern virtue of Sincerity. . . .

Here I feel that Mr. Rovere has misse something crucial—insofar as he fails i recognize the severe limitations on th Nixon technique: its "one-shot" qualit It provides a sub-theme, but not or that can ever become dominant.

THE Eisenhower style has been tc durable and too convincing to be th work of Mr. Nixon, even with a majc assist from Madison Avenue. It ha been, in the double sense of the wor fool-proof. The President himself ha been primarily responsible for his ac ministration's tone, and its key feature– the steady easing of tension at innume able points—has flowed quite naturall from his own personality and his instinc tive approach to politics. This approach originating not in his head but in hi bones, is based on the assumption tha problems are mostly solved not b meeting them head-on but rather b softening them and wearing them dow which in his case depends on havin already convinced the people that he i incapable of duplicity. This has both ap pealed to and annoyed Mr. Rovere. I the field of foreign affairs he credits i with great success—our alliances have been maintained intact and the majo international tensions have been gradu ally reduced.

But in the area of domestic problems he becomes much more critical; "the administration," he feels, "lacks the stamp of the President's personality"; a times Eisenhower's instinct for the re laxed has bordered close to plain lazi ness. Yet for all that, it has been pre cisely on the domestic front that the im pact of Eisenhower's personality has been most pervasive and his "relaxed" approach the most effective. What Mr Rovere fails to see is that the process that worked so well at Geneva (and that bowled over so many hardened European sinners there) has, in a more diffuse form, been successfully at work in this country for close to four years The bitter tensions that were so appa rent and so crippling in 1952—tensions created by twenty years of Republican frustration, by McCarthyism, by Korea by America's new and unwelcome role in the world—have been steadily de pressurized. In the process, new energies have been released throughout the coun try; minds have been unfrozen. Who can tell—perhaps we have even reached the point where we can afford another Democratic administration.

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Power without Accountability

by Robert Engler

To those troubled by the apparent emptiness of so much of the current political debates in the Congress d among the Presidential aspirants *he Power Elite* may offer provocative sights. For, Mr. Mills argues, the for- al political processes upon which the izen is asked to focus his interest are t the decision-making centers of con- mporary America. Politicians operate the middle levels of power where all farmers and small businessmen, e unions, white collar groups and con- mers compete in a "semi-organized

he Power Elite, by C. Wright Mills (Oxford; $6).

alemate" to get their share of govern- ent-sanctioned benefits. But top power the society is beyond their reach. This attern contributes to the distraction of already fragmented mass-like public the lower levels of society. Bearing ttle resemblance to our concept of a emocratic citizenry its members are es- ntially without power or purpose. heir daily routines are governed by resumably complex, remote and imper- onal forces. With this disappearance of ne public has come the collapse of the ase for liberal optimism and liberal nstitutions. Where does power reside?

> In so far as the structural clue to the power elite today lies in the economic order, that clue is the fact that the economy is at once a permanent-war economy and a private-corporation economy. American capitalism is now in considerable part a military capitalism, and the most important relation of the big corporation to the state rests on the coincidence of interests between military and corporate needs, as defined by warlords and corporate rich [which] strengthens both of them and further subordinates the role of the merely political men. Not politicians, but corporate executives, sit with the military and plan the organization of war effort.

The elite heading up these centralized dministrative structures are linked by rigins, education, social interchange nd general outlook. Unequalled in his- ory in their ability to determine peace r war, prosperity or depression, they rule without responsibility to the people, standards of public morality or ideological base. Re-enforcing the narrowest conservatism, they are unable to embrace a conservative ideology. "It is this mindlessness of the powerful that is the true higher immorality of our time."

This toughminded study will be ignored or deplored by those who prefer idyllic versions of our national direction. Yet the burden of proof rests with those who would deny this picture of our departure from the liberal democratic model. Mills' sources are available to any literate observer of America. His observations on the subservient character of our press and schools, the divorce of knowledge and power, the small town status system, changes in the ladder of opportunity, the world of the celebrities, the corporate system and the manners of its masters are pungent but not unfamiliar.

There are points for difference. His sweeping sketches, which are repetitious, tend to obscure the possibility of a range of patterns of behavior by the men of power. In his eagerness to disprove a simple conspiracy theory, he downgrades the intelligence and awareness as to purpose of many business and military leaders. Mills makes clear that his concern is with institutional forces and values rather than individual types; yet his analysis of the latter predominates. His insistence on looking beyond both conscious design and impersonal historic forces to explain their rule is challenging; yet somehow it serves to confuse his own argument as to who has the power.

Seeking to avoid Marxist class terminology, his own is not always made clear. The lower levels are inadequately described and contrasted with the middle levels. And the emphasis on a triumvirate in power is qualified by the extent to which he sees both the military and political elites dependent upon their corporate counterparts. Further analyses of both politics and the military seem called for as do explanations of the middle level stalemate.

STUDENTS of power should welcome his challenge of the uncritical acceptance of assumptions of countervailing power as operative realities in preventing the domination of the society by any one group. They may wish, however, that he had offered a more developed theory of the nature of power. Defenders of democracy may be disturbed by his failure to distinguish areas where political freedom is still meaningful from those where it has disappeared. One wishes he had explored what is usable in liberal principles, including the belief in the potential of an aroused and informed citizenry and the political processes as vehicles for effecting change and transfers of power. As he leaves it, there appears to be no retreat or will to retreat from the grim direction set in the command posts of the social structure.

Mills deserves a wide reading. More people must face up to the central question of the relation of power to responsibility as preparatory to asking where can we go from here. If his essential thesis is sound, one answer will have to come from a new American radicalism which can transcend the huckstered theme that all is well. Offering alternatives to the corrupting values of "getting yours" inherent in our social structure may help to end our current domestic political vacuum.

The Gossips

While Wag sniffs the dirt her friends have about,
They lap up the dirt she dishes out.
Each to the other daintily tends,
And serving her interest, serves her friends.

"Poet"

After,each,word,he,places,a,comma,
A,remarkable,effect,indeed,
It,gives,you,jitters,when,you,look,
It,gives,you,hiccoughs,when,you,read.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

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The Patched-up Psyche

by Donald Malcolm

THE critics who have been congratulating Nigel Balchin on converting a dreary psychological case history into stirring fiction through judicious applications of "art," have, I suggest, somehow contrived to miss the boat.

The Fall of a Sparrow, by Nigel Balchin (Rinehart; $3.75).

What Mr. Balchin actually attempted, and for the most part succeeded in doing, was much more interesting than that, and far trickier.

There is, however, a certain amount of justification for a case-history view of the book. It must be granted that the hero, a young man named Jason Pellew, has all the prerequisites for a proper clinical tragedy in a proper English setting. His father gives him a promising start by going mad at an impressionable stage of Jason's childhood. At school he is encouraged to play the part of a juvenile eccentric, a role which has settled on his shoulders like a mantle by the time he reaches Cambridge. And somewhere along the way he acquires a disconcerting habit of lying.

Then too, there are his war experiences. After distinguishing himself at Dunkirk, Jason volunteers, for what seem dubious reasons, to perform very dangerous cloak-and-dagger missions on the Continent. "It's just what I need," he remarks with a too-bright smile, "It'll be very good for me"—words he had spoken once before, on the occasion of receiving a severe disciplinary beating at school. Jason is, in fact, hideously frightened of these missions and eventually, the strain proving too much for him, he suffers a serious nervous breakdown. Army psychiatrists manage more or less to patch his psyche back together, but not to such an extent that he finds it possible to make an adjustment to civilian life. Eventually he winds up in court, charged with indulging himself in various illegal methods of raising money.

All of which appears to be the stuff of which psychiatric case histories are made. However, Mr. Balchin does not take the view that a case history is in any sense an ultimate explanation of character: "There is nothing," an army psychiatrist observes in regard to Jason, "like modern psychology for arriving slowly and polysyllabically at the obvious." And the obvious to Mr. Balchin, as to any first-rate writer, is a point of departure, not a destination.

But if the author is not simply garnishing a case history with little sprigs of Art, then what is his intention?

The answer, I think, must be sought in the curiously multiple vision Mr. Balchin brings to bear on his work. There is, for instance, the odd pair of quotations that preface the book. One is the compassionate Biblical verse from which the title is taken. The other is a barbaric Medieval German law which enjoins a man "laden with sick women, children, brothers, sisters or servants" to let them "lie where they be" and genially heaps praises on anyone civic-spirited enough to "burn the feeble person." This tendency to dichotomize runs through the book. Mr. Balchin balances psychiatry, with its explanations, against the demands of the military and legal points of view, and finds them all inadequate either to "explain" Jason Pellew (it is a measure of Mr. Balchin's skill that he has created, in Jason, a character complex enough to carry the point, yet unequivocal and all-of-a-piece) or to deal fairly with him. Along any given avenue of approach, the truth recedes steadily before the pursuer until it loses itself in a vast diffusion of judgments, analyses, explanations and conjectures:

> . . . the dark, heavy face [of the judge at Jason's trial] which had looked troubled, now seemed coldly serene. Perhaps in the long moment of reflection, he had found some truth—or some relief in ceasing to pursue it.

It might be objected mildly that Mr. Balchin has not really put himself out to make the pursuit any easier. Jason's story is told by a friend who sees him only at intervals, a narrative device which permits the author to compress several decades to manageable dimensions, but which necessarily produces a somewhat fragmentary view of his hero. There are moments, as, for instance, when Jason nips off to join the Loyali in Spain, when one could wish to kn more thoroughly what was on his mi Nevertheless, Mr. Balchin is not c ducting a mere paper chase after a bo mystery, but a scrupulous inquiry i the nature of a man who doesn't qu fit his world, and into the perilous a dents of friendship.

And the search has its own inciden excitements. A street corner scrap w Moseley's Black Shirts, the hysterical lief that swept England on Chamb lain's return from Munich, the "pho war," the blitz, Dunkirk, the night parture of a Wellington bomber w Jason aboard; with such personal patch of history, Mr. Balchin very effectiv re-creates an era, and then uses it further his own artistic purposes.

A NUMBER of subsidiary characters p up in the course of all this (inclu ing a triumphantly successful depictic of the Well-meant Perfect Ass) a they are handled with a forbearance a sort that seems to be increasingly ra in current fiction. The more prevale view seems to hold that the read cannot be depended on to distinguis between one minor character and a other unless the author obliges by ma ing them as wildly idiosyncratic as po sible. Plausible as this sounds in theor it breaks down badly on application— for the same reason that, when it com to distinguishing individuals in a mas there is little to choose from between row of gargoyles and a row of identic pillars. Mr. Balchin neatly sidestep the dilemma by permitting his subsidia characters to speak their pieces fro their own points of view, instead forcing his assessment of their wort into every phrase—a notion whic strikes me as almost breathtakingly leve headed. It would be nice to see it cato on more generally.

Notes on Contributors

GEOFFREY GORER is a British anthropo ogist. HARRY T. MOORE'S newest boo on D. H. Lawrence, *Post Restante* will be published next month. STANLE ELKINS is on the History faculty of th University of Chicago. ROBERT ENGLE has received the Sidney Hillman awar for his *NR* "Oil and Politics" series WILLIAM JAY SMITH is in Italy workin on a new book.

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

its student affiliate, it has an even ore potent weapon—the threat of dis-liation, a fact made abundantly clear the local membership.

The membership of the local chapter, ed with ADA's implicit threat, ac-pted a rather sophistic argument show-g that the decision was not technically violation of civil liberties ("Do we ve an obligation to bring in everyone speak?") coupled with a plea for the eat American student liberal move-ent (now 600 members).

RUSSELL TRENHOLME
NICKOLAS COTTRELL

varthmore College

The Products of Detroit

RS:

Mr. Goodman could have done much od with his article "Sizzling, High-orque Take-Off," (*NR*, April 23) had been more realistic. I am in agree-ent with him regarding the needs of blic safety (he will get few arguments out that) — and his commendable staste for the sub-moronic level of pular advertising. However, his nega-ve criticism of Detroit products is kely to create more heat than light.

True, the finest machinery in the orld would be unsafe at the hands of me individuals who hold driver's li-nces in this country today, but unsafe ad conditions, poor engineering and oddy construction don't HELP mat-rs any! Much has been written about ad conditions . . . and is available to nyone interested, so I'll confine my re-arks to the mentioning of a few pet eeves (in general terms) regarding the etroit products themselves:

1. *Suspension Systems*: Why, oh why n't they build their barges in such a anner that one can at least *drive* them?

2. *Steering Ratios:* Anything *other* an a ratio of *less* than three turns lock-lock is downright unsafe, in my opin-n.

3. *Brakes*: When the weight and mass of present "family cars" is considered, it becomes evident that anything less than disk-type (or double-disk, if you prefer) brakes is unsafe on them.

4. *Weight distribution and weight transfer*: This is another very dangerous situation, and is the fault of the advertising departments, rather than the engineers. Anyone who has ever driven a car which was built for driving will recognize the difference immediately.

There are other factors, too; and when the manufacturers get around to doing something about them we'll have better, safer and longer-lasting automobiles. Packard, with its torsion-bars, is a step in the right direction, and I consider the new (1956) Chevrolet Corvette to be the actual forerunner of better things to come—from *Detroit*, Mr. Goodman.

BRUCE W. POLLICA

George Air Force Base, Calif.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► Stevenson's Candidacy

SIRS:

I am in complete disagreement with James E. Duree (*NR*, April 16). There must be at least two ways to be "urbane, sophisticated, aloof, eloquent, Olympian in his principle," because Stevenson is *not* a Democratic Dewey. Duree referred to Stevenson as *NR's* "sinking hero" who has been "rejected as wanting." Voters generally get what they deserve. If we Democrats fail to nominate Stevenson (or the country again fails to elect him) *we* should be rejected as wanting—in good sense, loyalty, and appreciation for a really extraordinarily qualified candidate. Americans proved in 1952 they didn't want sense talked to them. Let's do better this year. We could show more loyalty to Stevenson, instead of bandwagon-jumping when he loses a primary. We know Stevenson's stand on issues as we do not know other candidates' stands, because with the latter we have to try separating promises from what they really believe.

JACQUELINE TWETON

Jasper, Minn.

"*. . . a man of tempered notions*"

I have decided that Senator Allen Ellander of Louisiana best summed up why the South would accept Stevenson when he said that Stevenson's views on the issue of civil rights were more "tempered" than those of Senator Kefauver.

In view of the Southern manifesto, I am not sure that a man of tempered notions on such an important issue is acceptable. The Democratic Party must stand firm and unshakable in this issue in order to command the respect of the American independent voter.

MARVIN F. GRANGER

Hillsdale, Mich.

► Who Pockets the Difference?

SIRS:

In your issue on April 23 you apparently take the position that reduction in farm prices means a corresponding reduction to the consumer.

This is a splendid theory but it does not work out in practice. When this administration took over, wheat was selling for $2.42½; yet we are paying as much for flour now as we did then and wheat is selling around $2.

We are a cotton raising territory and in this section cotton seed was selling for from $75 to $80 per ton three years ago and now it is selling around $50 per ton. We were buying shortening, a cotton seed product, at $8.50 per case of 48. Now cotton seed approximates $50 per ton while we are paying $11.75 and more for shortening.

It would be interesting to know who is getting the difference. Certainly not the producer, retailer or consumer.

A. J. SITTON

Pyote, Texas

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